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VOL 6. NO. 133.

VANITY FAIR

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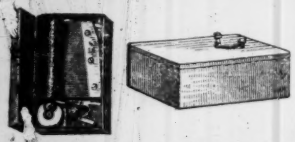

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The First Number of the Sixth Volume of VANITY FAIR was issued July 5th, and with it we decided upon the discontinuance of all Premiums, preferring to give our Subscribers the advantage of the difference we have consequently made in our rates.

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MAC ARONE,
ETHAN SPIKE,

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SOME COLORS WON'T STAND.

Britannia.—"I HARDLY THINK IT WILL WASH, MR. DAVIS; WE HEAR SO MUCH ABOUT YOUR COLORS RUNNING!"

A Mosaic Joke.

AN unlucky individual named MORRIS has lately been killed at Polygamutah, in a row caused by his claiming to be MOSES, returned to earth upon business of some kind.

When Mr. LINCOLN heard this he said that MORRIS might really have been MOSES, after all, because General POPE had seen A Run near Corinth not long since.

Query by a Caulker.

SHALL we have any more Pitched battles at sea, when they have covered up all our ships with iron plates?

Breakfast-table Talk.

"I EXPECT I'm going to have a stirring time of it," remarked the Spoon to the Sugar, as the drowsy whirr of the coffee-mill came up from the kitchen.

"That's a sweet lookout for the coffee!" was the prompt rejoinder; at which the Cup that Cheers called upon all hands for three cheers and a tiger.

The Real Japanese Martyrs.

THE be-juggled, be-deviled, be-lionized Ambassadors of the Tycoon, to England.

Acrobatic.

Is there not such a city officer as Inspector of Vaults? and if there is, why does he not prevent the street boys from vaulting over the hydrants, to the great annoyance of quiet pedestrians?

A Question for Metaphysicians.

Is not the juggler who can Gorge a knife the best man for cutting a Gordian knot?

ETYMOLOGY OF "SKEDADDLE."

FERTILE as the genius of America has ever shown itself in the creation of new and startling expressions, we actually believe that it has never turned out from its prolific mint a more creditable specimen of philologic art than the onomatopeic word of which we are about to treat in this essay. Progress, as GRECHTENBLUMMER daintily remarks, is the tent-pin of civilization; to which, let us add, by way of corollary, that he who uses it for a tooth-pick may find that the roof of his mouth projects some very remarkable stalactites. We hope that we make ourselves perfectly understood.

Some of the deepest thinkers of our time and country have been so fascinated with this cymbal-ringing word, *Skedaddle*, that State Legislatures have, in several instances, voted large sums for additional asylums to accommodate erudite, drivelling imbeciles. This fact speaks volumes, and many will doubtless be issued, on the subject, as soon as things can be arranged for their publication. But it is for strong heads alone that the Niagara of new American words is a safe precipice to play poker on the margin of. WE have been there. Ours is a Blondine temperament, and we don't see the gulf particularly even when it is yawning its widest at us.

On these accounts we feel ourselves athletic enough to grapple with *Skedaddle*, and loose enough in the joints to bestow well-planted kicks upon several who have tried a fall with that sinewy word before WE came upon the ground.

One commentator—a Boston person, if we recollect aright—states that the word *Skedaddle* is of Norse origin, an assertion which we can partially sustain from the following circumstance: The old woman who aired us in our childhood constantly made use of the word, and she was a Norse, only we used to spell it wrong, in those days, and pronounce it Nurse. But here comes in the great difficulty which eventually drives philologists to the work-houses and fool-parks of our happy fatherland, namely, that there are as good fish in the sea as have ever yet been caught. See here, now. We once had a private tutor on whom too frequent communion with dark Otard had wrought a miserable spell. "I will never die of a hollow horn," remarked he at brief intervals for many long years, "because I feel that my tongue thickens daily." And it did. It was our little game, then, to chaff this unfortunate preceptor when the spirit of Otard had possession of him. How oft—ah! it seems but forty or fifty years ago!—have we wiled him into conversation upon the subject of THUCYDIDES, he little knowing, the while, that it was his daddering Zoozizzizays, and not the ambition of classic lore, by which our heart was for the moment ruled. But THUCYDIDES palled upon us at last. It became necessary for us to find another and a worse word, and we still feel the tingle of early piety with which we approached our beloved pedagogue one day, when he was in his Otardiest condition, and besought him with anxious reverence to teach us the correct pronunciation of the word *Schedule*. A dewy expression pervaded the angles of the excellent man's artistically-cut mouth. His under lip acted like the timorous calf's-foot jelly, while his mobile cheek gave a senile imitation of the festive blanc-mange, and the gurgling word *Shlelji* dropped like a pearl necklace from his unctuous chops. Conscious that his effort had not met the exigencies of the case, the strong man wept. In the incredibly short space of thirteen hours, however, he recovered, and, nerving himself with superhuman energy for a great purpose, spoke very intelligibly, as follows: "*Shlejule* — *Schlejladelule* — SCHEDADULE, you lil' bla'gar'!" These words were accompanied by a fillip on our head with a tome weighing about four pounds avoirdupois, and hard in proportion, thus nailing, as it were, to our head forever the word *Schedadule* as an exponent of the act of retiring with great rapidity and disregard of appearances.

Need we say more? Other commentators are now relieved from their labors, and will come straggling back from the Greek to which they have gone rooting for the new word with so much painful pleasure. Other commentators must no longer postpone their preparations for drying up. Ours is the only unadulterated Solution of Skedaddle. None genuine unless marked V. F. on the wrapper, which is entered according to act of Congress, and cannot be imitated.

ETHAN SPIKE'S LETTER TO THE PRESIDENT.

HORNBY, June 25th, 1862.

I WAS proper glad to see that squire RIGHTMAN—the Mare of Boston—hed writ a lutter to the President—tellin him not toe be skairt—and not toe believe more'n half what Governor ANDREW said in that sarsy lutter of hisn.

I guess the President felt pretty slick when he got the Mare's lutter—ef he'd bin skairt by the Governor:—as no doubt he wus. Et must hev bin toe his anxious feelins like balmy-gideon an precious intment toe a stranger in a strange land—or a hart thustin in a water brook.

Et war a two edged so-erd—war the Mare's lutter—"cuttin two ways for sunday"—as we say in the classicks—et tickled ABRAM, but smoat JOHN between his jints an marrer boans—like wise hip an thy.

Ginerally speakin, I claims to be origenal—wich is toe say Uniquecorn—but the eggzarmple of the Mare has bin two much for me—as you will see by the foregoin—

HORNBY June 24, 1862.

HON ABRIM LINKIN Esq,

DEER SIR—The undersigned knowin you must hev bin greatly comforted an consoled by the recent patriotick gushin an aoutbilin sentiments in the lutter of my friend—the moast warshipful an warshipin Mare of Boston—which is likewise the hub of the univarse—takes my pen in hand to say that he or the undersigned—meanin me—is also in high places—being cheerman of the seelickmen of the taoun of Hornby, an beg leave toe report, moreover umbly showeth wot shall herein arter appear.

ISRIL—*aour* Governer—*hesn't* but he *may* write to Your Honor's Excellency abaout the niggers. ISRIL'S a leetle un—not more'n half the heft of ANDREW—but he's bang up an quite punkiny for all that—an ef he dus get a goin at you on the nigger question, you'll find him as much wus than JOHN as a yarler wasp is wus than a bumble-bee.

I dont know's he will write—as I said before—but then agin you know he may—and fully believin that a pound of prevention is wuth more'n a aounce of cure—likewise the old sayin—he that is four armed aint usually ketched nappin—I thought I would jest say to your Excellency's Honorable warship—'if he dus dont mind him.'

His idees on the nigger feelin of the state wont be werth a blue-mixed cuss of last year wich has gone to seed. So mind what I tells you. Ef ISRIL goes cuttin up on this question—I say ef, for prehaps he wont—dont be skairt. Keep a stiff upper lip an we'll put you through.

Thar may be a few places in the state where they loves niggers, but taint so here—thar aint but one abolitionist in Hornby—an ef we thought the Gineral Government would bear us aout in it, we'd strip his fethers off pretty quick. The everlastin nigger question was settled in aour Lyceum two years ago—as you may remember, as the decision made considerable stir at the time.

We decided that—"Niggers was the illigetimate orfspring of KANE—thar mother bein a woman no better'n she should be, wot lived daoun Babberlon way, an wore a red cloak. Consequently that sich stock was monkeys in the meanin of the statoote—and didn't orter be raound."

With sich exalted sentiments rooted and graounded in aour syle—kin your Honorable Excellency daoubt us? Dont mind what nobody says but me. Ollers look to me when you wants to know anything about the old pitch pine State. ISRIL may be well enough in a gineral way—but dont believe him ef he says we loves niggers!

But I guess Ise said enough to fix ISRIL'S flint. He wont be pretty likely to squawk much, arter this. I calkulate I'm a leetle ahead of my friend the Mare's time. I dusn't wait for overt acts, but goes in on suspicion.

"Live an larn"—as the Rooshun gineral said to the King of the Cream of Tartary—an JOSEPH is not too old.

I am with high considerations your Supreme Excellency's
moast obeegent sarvant,

ETHAN SPIKE.

GREAT ZOOLOGICAL COMBINATION.

THE new arrangement just entered into by the Atlantic Telegraph Company, for taking soundings, proves that corporation to be possessed of great Animal spirits, which is a blessing, and a thing to be thankful for, in these depressing times. They have fitted out a vessel called the *Porcupine*, for the service. The *Porcupine* is furnished with a Donkey engine, and the Donkey engine drives a lot of Bull-dog sounding-machines, whatever they are. This, indeed, is a Happy Family to travel with. There is even a Shakespearian aroma about it, if you only notice it. The reporters who accompany the expedition, for instance, may be described as "quills upon the fretful Porcupine," when that good ship fumes and heaves in the trough of the sea. The Donkey will not be so cheerful to the reporter of Shakespearian mind, however, as the Porcupine, because it will constantly remind him of Bottom, which is a dismal prospect to those who "go down to the sea in ships." As for the Bull-dogs, we hardly know how to connect them with the Bard of Avon, unless we assume some covert allusion to them in the words, "Master of the Tiger," which was probably a Bark.

FREMONT.

THERE may at one time have been some reason for regarding JOHN C. FREMONT as a great and gory warrior. That time is past. After his mortifying failure in Missouri, the expediency of giving him a "Mountain Department" was at least doubtful; but we were rather glad to see the President try him again. For we hoped that, free from the frightful influence of the contracting pirates and robbers who had attached themselves (perhaps through no fault of his) to his command in Missouri, he might do something creditable for his country.

We all know what FREMONT'S career was in the valley of the Shenandoah. It was a failure; and yet we do not blame him for that. He did as well as he could, may be—at any rate, he did as well as BANKS and SHIELDS did. There has been of late a military gentleman in the valley of the Shenandoah, of the name of JACKSON, who, although a miserable and infamous secessionist, appears to understand his business pretty tolerably well, and who has been rather too much for Messrs. FREMONT and SHIELDS and BANKS. To speak the plain, unvarnished truth, he has kept those chieftains running up and down that valley in a manner which would amuse us highly if we were secessionists, or could see it in that light.

It is not inappropriate to here remind the public that at the beginning of this war we called attention to the fact that, however misguided our Southern brethren might be, they could still discharge their fowling-pieces with a considerable degree of accuracy, and that, vile as their cause was, it might be fought for by Generals with coolness, daring, and brains.

But to return to our unpleasant subject. Mr. LINCOLN being President, if he knows himself, concluded, as he had a perfect right to do, to send Gen. POPE, an approved good officer, and who doesn't appear to want to be President, into the Shenandoah. So he sent for the General, and told him a little story about a man out in Sheboygan who couldn't do any thing with three "darned smart hired men until he employed a middling good man to oversee them."

General POPE takes command, and FREMONT retires in disgust—retires at the most critical period in this war, perhaps, when his services—if he has any such thing about him—are absolutely needed. With the foe most formidable and active all around them, this Major-General throws up his command and comes to New-York, his only excuse being that the appointment of General POPE "degrades" him. But he doesn't *resign*. It is understood that he is still a Major-General in the army, drawing his pay the same as ever; and it is whispered in certain quarters that another "department" will be given this man. Very good. But let it be a department in Fort Warren, for the General who deserts his command and his country upon so flimsy an excuse as FREMONT gives, ought to be shut up. In some countries he would be shot. We respectfully suggest to Mr. Secretary STANTON that if it be right to keep General STONE in close confinement all this time without letting that officer or the public know what earthly reason there is for his incarceration, that the imprisonment of JOHN C. FREMONT, who, as everybody knows, has proved a precious humbug, might not be entirely improper.

We are sick of FREMONT. He is the worst in the business.

"REST, WARRIOR, REST!"

IT has lately been stated that the terrible mail-clad English ship *Warrior* is a bad one to go to sea in. She ships seas, leaks, flounders, and otherwise misbehaves herself disgracefully. How melancholy it must be for the authors of her being, to find that one whose mission was to Seize ships, should thus run counter to her destiny, and do nothing but Ship seas!

A PIRATE IN THE OFFING!

IN the House of Lords—we allude to the British one, and not to the establishment in Houston street—old Lord BROUGHAM has been in a bad state of mind about the English vessel *Emily St. Pierre*, which got out of the clutches of the American Eagle lately, and saved herself from becoming a prize. This *Emily St. Pierre* will have to be well looked after, if she crosses our way again. A craft with a BROUGHAM at the mast-head of it is usually considered to mean "stand and deliver," on the highway of the seas.

Boy.—"DID YOU WANT A FINE-TOOTH COMB, SIR?"

Papyrus Again.

DEAR VANITY:—A few weeks ago you were saying something about the Great Rush for ancient papers. This was a subtile jest upon the vegetable fibres of the Nile, but did it not occur to you that nothing could be more apropos for books and papers than a Reed?

***

Not Impossible.

A TOBACCO-MANUFACTURER advertises a new brand as "Ladies' Delight." Our Cynical Contributor wishes to know if that isn't the sort they make into Widows' Weeds.

True, Perhaps: Severe, Certainly.

OUR Fiendish Critic says that the once famous *Blackwood's Magazine* is more like a powder-magazine than anything else, of late—nothing but dry articles to be found in it.

What's the Odds?

THAT when the news of the destruction by fire of the White House reaches England, we shan't have leaders in all the London papers about the capture of Washington!

THE STATE OF THE CASE.

THE *Petersburgh Express* of 24th June contains an article upon the Fourth of July, in which, after a wail about the inability of the Seceded to enjoy that festival under existing circumstances, the following aromatic passage occurs:

"That the Yankees make it a season of excessive jubilation is altogether probable. After profaning every principle of the Gospel of Christ, while their lies have been filled with puritanical professions, they will make broad their phylacteries in expounding the political faith of our fathers."

We are sorry for the *Petersburgh Express*, left destitute as it is of the necessary combustibles for cracking up the Old Fourth. If any of our little Squibs could stand between the *P. E.* and utter destitution, we request that no false delicacy will prevent that journal from blowing off a few hundred of them on the Festival day. We have our own Edge—and a pretty sharp one it is. Our fire-works are water-proof, warranted, being a composition of Attic salt, Greek fire, and Aurora Borealis; and it is a peculiarity of our rockets that they have no sticks, as we will not tolerate anything like a Stick in our establishment for the manufacture of meteoric notions. With regard to the remark of the *P. E.* that we of the North are enlarging our Phylacteries, we are happy that our sagacious wit enables us to return the compliment in an inverted form, thus—that they of the South are enlarging their Lie Factories, and that the supply of the article seems quite equal to the demand for it.

THE ONE-JOKE MAN.

AMONG the Secessionist parsons at Nashville, lately overhauled by Governor JOHNSON, there shone conspicuously a certain Rev. ELLIOTT, who pleaded in exculpation that he had "never perpetrated but one political joke in his life."

Will the Rev. ELLIOTT, as soon as possible after this meets his eye, communicate with us? We are burning to learn the nature, composition, and subject of the solitary contribution cast by him into the hat of COMUS. Was the jest of a scorching character? Did its constitution indicate a tendency to scurvy? Was the Reverend Perpetrator chewing a preparation of Calisaya bark and gall-nuts when he fired it off? Were the effects of it upon his hearers instantaneous and fatal, or were they merely gradual and attended by nothing worse than temporary depression of spirits? Was it absolutely original, or was it suggested by some ancient and successful sally of the Rev. BEECHER? Did the Reverened Perpetrator laugh as his envenomed bolt sped upon its lacerating mission, or had he sufficient dramatic reserve about him to let his face down a foot or so, and twiddle his thumbs upon his stomach, after the manner of the comic ballad-singers?

To all of the above queries we implore from the Rev. ELLIOTT immediate and earnest attention, as our special funny Minister of the Gospel is travelling with a wild-beast show for the summer, and we are anxious to supply his place.

WHO'D BE A BRIGADIER?

A SONG DEDICATED TO GENERALS REMARKABLE FOR GENERAL INCOMPETENCY.

AIR—"I'd be a Butterfly."

WHO'D be a Brigadier—raised in an hour
With veteran heroes in arms to compete—
Fly-blow of Favor developed by Power,
A grub gaily pinioned, a glittering cheat?
Who'd ever clamor for rank as his dower,
Feeling unfitness his duties to meet?
Who'd be a Brigadier hatched out by Power?
None but a self-seeking, arrogant cheat.

Who, if possessed of the wand of a fairy,
Ought to permit those two epaulet-wings
To fall on the shoulders of fellows with nary
First shadow of claim to the beautiful things?
Men who command should be gallant, yet wary;
Power when misplaced dread calamity brings:
Give us no brigadiers stupid or scary;
Ruin must come of such pestilent things.

Government tells us such follies are over,
Promises heroes shall guide our array;
Yet there be Brigadiers, living in clover,
Should be dismissed, for they're much in the way.
Doubtless such humbugs will try to discover
Means their well-merited fate to delay,
Yet it were better, e're Summer is over,
To brush all incompetent leaders away.

Lord knows we've had quite a surfeit of blunders,
Slaughter enough from the errors of fools;
Dolts not mere nine days' but *ninety* days' wonders,
Generals brought up in political schools.
Popinjay chiefs with their newspaper thunders,
Send them adrift, factious leaders or tools;
Down with men famous alone for their blunders,
Pets and cadets of our partisan schools.

The Subtleties of Sutlers.

WHEN the White House was evacuated, several of the sutlers, as we are told, saved their goods by chartering small vessels. These men cannot be too thankful for the blessing of small vessels. They have made fortunes out of small vessels, have many of the army sutlers, and are much indebted to their quart-measures for holding no more than ordinary pints.

THE AFFLICTED VOYAGERS.

Mr. John Bull.—"Oh! Lewy, Lewy, wy didn't we hembark in the Yankee craft? This here old scow, the 'Southern Confederacy,' is agoin' to Split!"

JONATHAN'S FOURTH-OF-JULY ORATION.

Folks that ain't fightin'!—you'm the only ones
That *ken* be hit with "Independence" guns—
I'm guntah sheöot so smart, afore I stop,
I'll bet a cookey more'n *one* on ye'll drop!

I ain't a-guntah plaster ye so nice
With pooty sentiments—all kep' on ice
Sence Aunty Feeble fust pernaöunced 'em fine:
Tell Aunty naöw I'm in a different line.

I ain't a-guntah patronize great George,
N'r weep on them air times to Valley Forge,
N'r try to make the "Signers" glad they signed—
Speakin' for pooty much the hull o' mankind.

I guess you've read the Constitution threöugh;
And "Weems's Washin'ton" ain't so dretful new,
N'r all the common run o' thrillin' fac's
Abeöut aöur sailors and their Union Jacks!

For once, I sha'n't be stirrin' all the while
The Tea aöur spunky gram'thers wouldn't bile,
Becuz the other George, there, on the throne,
Hedn't the sense to let that Tax alone!

I sha'n't let my old gran'sire daöwn one peg,
N'r teach my gram'ther haöw to suck an egg:
But when ye talk o' *War*, jest let me know
What folks 'ave hild a candle to aöur show!

We've got aöur *Tax*, teöo—steep enough, they say—
An' there's aöur *George*, that's baöund to win the day;
An' hain't we got a pooty likely *Cause*—
Bein' aöur Union, Liberty, an' Laws?

I tell ye, folks, it ain't no time to talk
O' haöw somebody else hes walked the chalk!
We've got a bigger, tougher job to deö
Than any other men 'ave carried threöugh!

We hain't subdood them Southern fellers yit;
There's *lightnin'* in the way they've lately fit!
But we must lick 'em! Jest as sure's a gun,
The Union pieces must be j'ined in One.

But ef that little job ain't done up soon
We'll hev to laärn a leetle livelier teune:
I tell ye, things look mighty skittish, naöw,
For all we say we'll lick 'em any heöw!

D'ye read the papers? Don't the furrin news
Abaöut Napoleon's carryin' aöut his views
In Mexico, an' that last English fit,
Kind o' rub up the Ebenezer grit?

An' there's aöur Lincoln, callin', it appears,
For jest Three Hundred Thaöusan' volunteers:
A pooty hullsale so't of an amaöunt—
D'ye s'pose these items ain't o' no accaöunt?

Aöur George McClellan, folks, must hev more men!
If all on ye haul in your horns, what then?
It's jest the same as tellin', everywhere,
The Country may be ruined—you don't care!

A pooty record for the futer days
When cussin' gran'sons read abaöut your ways!
You'd better git the start of 'em, I guess—
Unless you'd ruther hev 'em cuss than bless.

Vision from "A Midsummer-Night's Dream."

Puck.—Louis Napoleon. *Bottom.*—John Bull.

Puck.—"Up and down, up and down;
I will lead him up and down."

FROM BEFORE RICHMOND.

FUGITIVE white contrabands, connected with the New-York daily press, have just arrived within our lines, from before Richmond, *via* City Hall Swamp.

These men, some of whom are intelligent, bring items of news from the Army of Virginia, the promulgation of which has already exercised a very depressing influence upon strawberries, bananas, and pickled pigs' feet, especially the latter, which display a downward tendency far beyond all precedent. On the contrary, a reliable cashier connected with the Delmonico Bank, informs us that straight drinks have the call to an unlimited extent, so that the vaults of the establishment are much run upon to keep the supply equal to the demand. Brandy, "straight," quotes at 2½—that is, at two every half hour for grown persons of robust habits, and 10 per cent more for weak-backed persons who are frightened about the war.

Since the arrival of the late news from before Richmond, we have learned some curious statistical facts respecting its influence upon food and appetite. An algebraical waiter who amuses his leisure hours by carrying meat and drink about in a down-town saloon, tells us that the fifteen well-to-do old gentlemen who have had hominy for breakfast there every morning, time out of mind, have changed it, quite suddenly, for mush. This is attributed by our informant to the news that the Chickahominy River has got up out of its bed and skedaddled over to the rebels. From the same source we learn that pork-and-beans has declined, while ham-and-eggs was never so buoyant within the memory of the oldest waiter. Ham-and-eggs, it will be observed, is a viand conducive to thirst, and drinking is more necessary to life than ever, just now. Buckwheat cakes are very flat; and as for hash, *that* appears to some to be completely settled by the arrival of the news from before Richmond.

Our tobacconist and meerschaum-pipe importer informs us that snuff is nowhere since the news from before Richmond caught hold of the public nose. Forty thousand confirmed snuff-takers have neglected their noses ever since, on the ground that the news is not of a nature to be sneezed at. This, by the invariable rule of resultance, so familiar to the political economist, has affected the dry-goods market, and that to such an extent that pocket-handkerchiefs rule at nothing—which is less than they have ever been hemmed for usually. Shirtings remain quite unchanged, and gray domestics do not look cheerful.

These are a few of the effects under which the community is laboring as we write. Some persons are quite in spirits, though; and we have just seen two abolition newspaper offices standing upon their heads, and playing "Dixie" with their heels in ecstacy, at the news from before Richmond.

LOST HIS LAST FRIEND.

WE have decided to have nothing more to do with any negro, mulatto, quadroon, octoroon, or other colored person whatever. We repudiate the whole blood of Afric, nor shall her half-bloods prevail with us.

Time was, when we had rather a respect for the Contraband, when he was the right man in the right place. We did not like to view him as a room-mate, or a near neighbor at the theatre, of a warm night; but as a barber, a waiter, or boot-black, we rather preferred him to his fairer but saucier Celtic brother.

We believed, in point of fact, that if a man has very, very, *very* warm friends, he cannot be altogether without good. And has not the Child of Afric very warm friends?

The *Tribune*, for instance. Did not the finest ethnological theories arise in the columns of that paper, to prove how much bigger the black brain was than the white, how much better its quality, and how much handsomer its owner? Did not ROBERT SMALL (colored) get more praise for taking a steamer than J. C. FREMONT (white) for winning the battle of Cross Keys—if win it he did? In a word, has not the Nigger been the greatest man in the *Tribune* office, excepting, perhaps, Mr. GREELEY?

And now, O sad to relate! see this deflection! Read these words, culled from an editorial leader in the daily *Tribune*, and wonder no longer at our deserting the deserted Contraband:

"The negro race is far inferior to ours, and especially in persistency of application. Many negroes are lazy and shiftless—some of them abominably so. Slavery is a bad school, and they have long been in it. We presume that a considerable proportion of them would prefer to be idlers and vagabonds, and would perish off the face of the earth, as the race of idlers and vagabonds tends ever to do."

How have those dear strains changed! Where once all was love and admiration, naught reigns now save severe contempt and painful distrust. "A far inferior race!" O Mr. GREELEY! What would poor old Father HOPPER have said to that? "Abominably lazy and shiftless!" Ah, HORACE! what would the GRIMKÉS, and the WELDS, and the rest of the buttery humbugs say, did they know how you have changed? *Et tu, Brute?*

The same article goes on, however, quite hopefully, to show how this inferior race of abominably lazy and shiftless vagabonds and idlers may be made Free:

"Give to upright magistrates power to arrest and bind to labor at fair wages for a year or less any one who inveterately tramped or stood idle."

We wonder, now, how it happened that the fickle-hearted GREELEY came to forget that exactly that state of things is at this moment existing in the Slave States, and always has existed there. It has been found to work very well. We are glad to see the *Tribune* endorse it, but it isn't original with Printing-House Square. Nor do the planters call it a way of making negroes Free. They call it making them *work;* but then the nomenclature of philanthropy is peculiar.

If the *Tribune* finds no more good in the Nazareth of Niggerdom, are we not justified in repudiating it? Verily, we are.

SINGULAR LITERARY COINCIDENCE.

ON a preliminary reconnoissance, or skirmish, over the pages of *Harper's Monthly* for July, we came upon an article entitled "Social Æsthetics," into which we proceeded to dip, as we are rather dressy than otherwise, and the article treats chiefly of dress. After we had dipped a little way, we found ourselves obliged to come up to breathe, however. A rush of memory to the head followed. The gallant gentlemen and fair ladies, by whom the conversation relating to "Social Æsthetics" is sustained, intruded themselves upon us as old friends, and would not be denied, although we were dreadfully put out, indeed, to think where we could have met them before, as well as by the fact that they said precisely the same things over again with which they had favored us in some former sphere. They must have been parrots in that former sphere, we began to think, or else in the present; and we were just going to give up thinking about the matter any more, when a reminiscence of an article entitled "Daily Beauty," published in the *Atlantic Monthly* for October, 1859, was wafted to us. Here was a simple solution of a mighty mystery, indeed! How often do we see great wits jumping at the same idea, like brook-trout at a summer fly! It is a pity that the writer of the article in *Harper's*, though, had not kept better run of the *Atlantic*. Had he only done so, he would not have interfered with the author of "Daily Beauty," in the latter, by giving his characters precisely the same names, making them say exactly the same things, and causing them to look as like our former dear friends as possible. It would be preposterous to suppose piracy in the case—equally preposterous to assume that both articles are from the same pen; but *somebody* has been badly sold in the business, and we don't think it's the *Atlantic* that has, although *Harper does* put pictures to the *Harperian* version of the essay.

MUNGO.

THE *World* correspondent in London, writing about the International Exhibition, states as follows:

"Mr. J. RHODES, of Morley, near Leeds, England, exhibits a compact machine for performing the first process towards converting old rags into new cloth. The stuff here produced is called 'Mungo.'"

We always thought that MUNGO bore some relation to Shoddy, seeing the amount of bogus sympathy expended upon him by his adorers. But what about RHODES, who has thus turned MUNGO out of a mill and made him look as good as new? Perhaps he, too, has set up MUNGO as a great bronze image, for people to fall down and worship; in which case we might perhaps be pardoned for calling MUNGO the Colossus of Rhodes.

THE CITY MIND.

TO borrow the steep language of a contemporary, the atmosphere of New-York City "fairly pulsates with human emotion," every time the last words from before Richmond are shrieked into the public ear by pestilent and persevering news-boys. Generally speaking, we are of opinion that the meritorious kind of atmosphere in which "human emotion" plays a prominent part as a component has been a good deal overlooked by sanitary *savans*.—Country air is all very well in its way. The breath of the ruminating cow is reviving to the pulmonarian. The perfume of a potato-field imparts a melodious tone to the digestive arrangements; poultry-music exercises a beneficial influence upon the overstrung mind; picking berries with a nut-brown maid for a companion is distraction from the cares of life; but give us the sweltering city in the dog-days, a front seat upon a hydrant in the neighborhood of Wall street, a cigar, and the price of the necessary refreshments, and we, in return, will present you with a fig for the country, the cows, the potato-fields, the hen-songs and the berries; for everything, in fact, except the nut-brown maid, which is a very good article of city furniture, and by no means to be rejected upon the score of rusticity.

There is a charm connected with city personages—especially financial city personages—which never appears to so much advantage as during a bloody war in the dog days. Money is a very exacting old idol, and he insists upon his votaries fighting over him if they hope to be saved. It must be allowed that his votaries are very indulgent to that little eccentricity of his, and that they are very sanguine about being saved.

Sit with us upon the steps of a bank in Wall street, O POLYPLOS-B'HOYO, and listen to the row made by the money-changers as they wildly glut their morbid appetites upon an "*extray Trybune*."

One financial instigator, with tight purple whiskers and gold-rimmed spectacles, says he knew the Federal army would meet with a repulse. He was acquainted with General MCCLELLAN when the latter was in the railroad business, and he thinks him the right man in the right place among rolling stock—and nowhere else.

Stout old party in sensible blue flannel gives tight-whiskers the lie. Says it's all a lie. The *Tribune* a lie, and the extra *Tribune* a lie, and the news contained in it intended for liars to read out among liars, by whom it is to be promulgated to beggars whose mendicity is only surpassed by their mendacity.

We like old blue-flannel, whose sentiments appear to be based upon Christianity. We address him as Old Beeswax, and hand him a real Figaro cigar.

Presently to the group of money-changers comes one arrayed in duck:

"Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful."

This person is "fairly pulsating with human emotion," mixed, more or less, with old Bourbon straight. He produces from his pocket sixteen *Herald* maps of the respective seats of war; collates a strategic point from one and a parallel of defense from another, sketches out a conflicting war design of his own upon the crown of his white felt hat, and says that he must have been worth several hundred thousands of dollars, now, if people had taken his advice about theconduct of the Federal army in Virginia.

A man in black says that the man in white is a liar, a fool, and a mean skunk. This opinion is corroborated by a man in lilac, and the general depression is somewhat dissipated by the prospect of a fight.

But another newsboy flies along the *trottoir*, yelling that the Chickahominy has dried up, the Pamunkey fallen, and that Richmond is expected in every minute. This causes a more cheerful feeling in some, while to others it brings the melancholy foreboding that all may yet be well. There is a wild delirium upon the cornering groups. It is worse than wild delirium. There is no combination of words in our language by which it can be worthily expressed. Incoherent Drivel might, perhaps, be the neatest term to wrap it up in—and if anybody thinks that a cap made out of that stuff would sit well upon his head, he is welcome, thrice welcome, to wear it.

Quite a Difference.

THE rebels have taken at least one of our famous siege-battery of eight guns, instead of letting the guns take them. The pieces were not originally intended to go off in that manner.

A Spoiled Child.

CHILDE HAROLD has just been translated into French. Poor CHILDE!

WAKE UP, "LEDGER!"

ONE of our city weeklies announces that it has just added the celebrated Parson BROWNLOW to its list of contributors. What a pang this item of intelligence must have sent to the bosom of the enterprising BONNER! We fancy he would rather have heard that "Lantern" had the botts. What is the *Ledger* man about, that he should suffer bits like this to be gobbled up from under his very nose? Why shouldn't the idea of securing the Parson for the *Ledger* have occurred to him while this very distinguished member of the church-military was in town? He would have been a card worth two of BEECHER, or EVERETT—who, we believe, preaches now and then—or "any other man" of the cloth.

We see but one course open for Mr. BONNER, unless indeed he really intends to give up the field, and his pretensions to the title of the "Napoleon of the Press." Let him instantly "make an effort" to offset the "big thing" of his rival with another of equally stunning proportions. Why not open negotiations with the celebrated Gen. PRIM—with whose Primitive manners our people are so delighted—or stir up old J. B. in relation to those "papers" he promised to write, or get President LINCOLN to give his portfolio another overhauling, with the view of lighting upon another "neat thing" in the way of a poem, or——

But the fast *Ledger* man can afford to *pay* for these suggestions. We won't go on till he has signified his intentions. Whatever he decides to do, however, let him do it quickly, or sell out while the *Ledger* stock is high.

Cloudy.

A WELL-DRESSED gentleman (strongly suspected of having got outside of large quantities of Green-Seal) entered one of our popular book-establishments last week, and astounded the clerk by demanding a copy of "*Why Artemus Ward Killed his Wife!*" Two placards, setting forth "Artemus Ward, His Book," and "Why Paul Ferrol Killed his Wife," had probably got somewhat tangled in his disordered mind. The head clerk, to complete the confusion, cruelly sold him a copy of *Les Misérables* in French!

A Curious Fact.

IT is a fact that the only occasion upon which the Senior Editor of the *Tribune* ever quarrelled with his musical critic, who is an excellent pianist, was when the latter gentleman played a fantasia upon the instrument without touching a Black Key.

To Serious Families.

VANITY FAIR has just patented a new Nut-cracker, so contrived as to crack jokes along with the nuts. A very liberal discount will be allowed to extremely depressed persons ordering large quantities.

"What do they in the North?"

WHILE fierce and desperate war rages in the South, trim officers whose uniforms have never known a rain-spot, to say nothing of a blood-spot, may be seen every day in our streets conveying curls and crinoline. Girls of spirit should be ashamed to appear on the promenade with such carpet-knights. What do they in the North, when they should serve the Sovereigns in the South?

XUM

THE BEER QUESTION.

HAVING a deep interest in all that relates to Beer, we are very much mortified, indeed, at the attempt of some of our contemporaries to class that noble fluid with the very inferior swipes known as *lager-bier*. We have a great respect for the Teuton, and for his copious institutions for the enjoyment of leisure; on which account we refrain from characterizing his chosen beverage by any expression stronger than the word "swipes," which nobody with any regard for truth can call strong.

In the first place we object to LAGER-BIER because it is spelt *bier*. The word suggests associations of heavy, solemn undertakers, carousing silently with sable mutes over a corpus. We are told that the thin, soul-less liquor takes its name from being kept upon a frame, or bed, which is called *lager* in German. That may be; but upon no bed of ours shall ever repose a keg of the mean moisture. Give us the smiling pewter for a chamber companion, florescent with the wholesome foam of the true-hearted old Beer.

Suppose an ancient Druid could be come over with one of those miserable glass mugs of the lagerian cat-lap—eh? Not much, we trow. The Druids were the first brewers of genuine top-heavy old broth of malt and hops. What archæologist is ass enough not to be aware that the very name "Druid" is inextricably blended with the nut-brown beer? Breathes there such a donkey, we tell him that it is even so. The first brewer of the celestial malt-wine was the first who tapped it from the wood. He Drew it. Hence the name of the ancient Pioneers of Beer, since corrupted by coarse civilization into Druid. Stonehenge was built upon Beer; the Atlantic Ocean will yet be bridged by it. They lived in the wood, did the Druids, and they drew their Beer from it.

Such is Beer.

Lager-bier, on the contrary, has never given pith to an arm, stoutness to a heart, fire to a brain. The immense Teutons who supply other Teutons with it, at the absurd rate of five cents a "moog," have no really exalted opinion of *lager* themselves. What they swill of that impotent beverage doesn't count, in fact, for they are obliged to place a large amount of leathery Rhine wine on the top of it, when they want to lift their spirits up. One writer states that *lager-bier* has a tendency to produce apoplexy and palsy. We don't believe it. Lager-bier hasn't the *vim* in it to achieve any such startling effects. It is hardly equal, so far as we can judge, to the production of even a tolerable race of idiots. It is not worth talking about. None but fools would legislate about it. Let us hear no more about it. Give us Beer!

AN ELEGANT EXTRACT.

REALLY, now, our newspaper literature is beginning to take an elegant, not to say classical turn. French of a moderately correct kind—only that the accents are always in the wrong places and frequently turned the wrong way—often graces the columns of our dear dailies. But the *Herald* is not satisfied with thin slices of modern tongue, swallowed alive. The *Herald* goes plump to the dead languages for an elegant little bit; and if you don't believe us, here is a neat translation, culled from an extra of that journal, in all its classical severity:

ONLY ONE GUN LOST.

* * * *

E PLURIBUS UNUM.

When that unlucky piece of ordnance is recovered from the hands of the Rebels, or from the abysses of the Chickahominy swamp, into one or other of which it has fallen, it is to be hoped that the proper authorities will have the Latin motto engraved upon its astragal; after which the gun can be presented to—or at—the Editor of the New-York *Herald*.

TOURFUL TROLLOPE.

I.

A- TROLLOPE would a-touring go—
"Heigh-ho," said TONY!
"Over the sea, and to and fro,
To make a book, and to make a show—
Heigh-ho," said ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

II.

"Oh! a TROLLOPE did it once before—
Heigh-ho," said TONY!
"A female TROLLOPE, who left 'em sore,
And therefore I will do it some more—
Heigh-ho," said ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

III.

"And I'll have it done in a hurry, too—
Heigh-ho," said TONY!
"'Twill take but a trifle of time to do
A country so essentially new—
Heigh-ho," said ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

IV.

"And then I'll go home, my book to make—
Heigh-ho," said TONY,
"On such a theme it will surely take,
And as well for mine as my mama's sake—
Heigh-ho," said ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

V.

So he came to Boston, and there he saw—
"Heigh-ho," said TONY!—
A city full of order and law,
And bald-headed persons with lots of jaw—
"Heigh-ho," said ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

VI.

They took him over to Bunker Hill—
"Heigh-ho," said TONY!—
And of Cambridge College gave him his fill,
And lectured him till they made him ill—
"Heigh-ho," said ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

VII.

Among New-Yorkers then he came—
"Heigh-ho," said TONY!
And found them playing the dollar game,
And that wealth is wealth, and fame is fame—
"Heigh-ho," said ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

VIII.

He also rode in an Avenue car,
"Heigh-ho," said TONY—
But he didn't precisely know how far,
And fondly thinking of Temple Bar,
"Heigh-ho," said ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

IX.

Then he went to the West and there he found—
"Heigh-ho," said TONY!
Consid'able water over the ground,
And things promisc'ous lyin' around—
"Heigh-ho," said ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

X.

And he tried to visit Dixie's land—
"Heigh-ho," said TONY!
But the Western sojers bade him stand,
For all the world like a contraband—
"Heigh-ho," said ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

XI.

So then he began to cut up rough—
"Heigh-ho," said TONY!
"Of your blarsted country I've seen enough,
And it's very shallow sort of stuff—
Heigh-ho," said ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

XII.

So now he tells his brethren dear,
"Heigh-ho," says TONY!
"The drink of the gods is British beer,
And there's nothing there, but everything here,
Heigh-ho," says ANTHONY TROLLOPE.